Lions Make You Brave

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Lions Make You Brave

by Sanguineheroine

Summary

A road trip and a secret. Or two.

Continue from 'Laying Down With The Lamb'.

Hannibal's scent, when he flattens Will against the nest of sheets, is the same rich blend of blood and seed that lingers in his consulting room. The sheets are deep red, crisp and cool against Will's cheek and he turns his face into the pillow to smother the helpless sound he makes when Hannibal straddles his hips.

His thighs are wet and his cock aches where it presses into the hollow of his hip. He purrs, arching up against Hannibal's weight, and feel Hannibal's cock slips between his legs. The slick crown presses against him and he spreads his thighs, feeling his secret swollen flesh part in welcome.

Hannibal groans when he draws out again and kneels up, pulling Will's ass into his lap. With each thrust, Will's breasts brush against the sheet and there's no thought of swallowing back the breathless sounds of pleasure spilling from him. There's only *yes*, and *please*, and *more, more, more* until Hannibal's knot rises and he hauls Will upright with strong arms and holds him tight against his chest. Will's back arches, his head lolling loose over Hannibal's shoulder as his muscles lock down to tie them and his untouched cock spills up over his belly and thighs.

Hannibal eases them to the bed to lie spooned. His hips move in short, grinding, thrusts that stretch but don't break their tie. His pleasure is silent, but Will feels how it takes him in waves when his fingers tighten on Will's belly and hips and the trembling strain in his legs where they tangle with Will's own. Will drifts, warm and contented, breathing the smell of sex and sweat and possession. *Mine*.

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They bury Nicholas Boyle together, somewhere in the Ozarks.

"Shouldn't we, like, pull out his teeth, or cut off his fingers, or something?" Abigail asks quietly. "You know, so they can't identify him?"

"No need," Will says. "His fingerprints aren't in the system, and a body found here won't be considered for a missing person in Minnesota."

"Oh." She says, and Will can't tell whether she is relieved or disappointed.

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They rent a car using a credit card issued in a false name and they drive back to Maryland. Hannibal stops at historic markers and reads out loud from greening plaques while Abigail and Will sip cherry coke from oversize cups. They eat local seafood in tiny restaurants and sleep in family motel rooms with faded carpet.

On the third night, they check into a boutique hotel in Pittsburgh and Hannibal gives Abigail the key to a single room. She smiles and goes, promising to be ready for dinner at seven.

When the door to their double closes behind them, Hannibal pushes Will against it and goes to his knees.

“I have wanted you all day,” he sighs, tugging at Will’s belt. “The car is filled with your scent.”

“I’m here now,” Will replies, smiling. His heart is light, his body warm everywhere Hannibal touches.

“So you are.” Hannibal says, pushing Will’s thighs apart. He doesn’t rise again until Will is breathless and boneless and can only moan when Hannibal lifts him and presses him against the wall.

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Dinner is eaten from shared dishes; quail and fish and big white beans served with pickles and fresh bread. Will sips his wine and nibbles at the portions Hannibal serves him. He watches Hannibal’s hands on his knife, and the motion of his lips and teeth and almost doesn’t hear Abigail when she says

“You were the one who called the house.”

Will keeps his eyes on Hannibal’s mouth, holding his breath as he watches him shape the word “Yes.”

“Why not tell the truth?” An innocent arch of brow and chapped pink lips pursed.

“I made a mistake,” Hannibal says smoothly, and the scent of his lie is as sweetly acrid as white sugar. “Something easily misconstrued. Not unlike yourself.”

“Don’t worry,” Abigail assures him, “I’ll keep your secret.”

“And we’ll keep yours.”

Hannibal inclines his head to include Will in his pledge. The promise feels like a bolt sliding home into a hasp, but Will wonders whether he is locked in or out.

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